

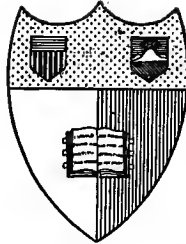
SONGS · *of*

the WORLD

WAR · *By*

EDWARD

S · VAN ZILE



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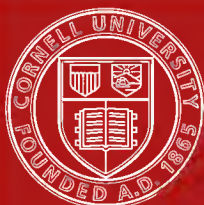
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**SONGS OF THE
WORLD WAR**

SONGS
OF
THE WORLD
WAR

By

EDWARD · S · VANZILE

PHILIP GOODMAN · NEW YORK · 1918

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E. S. V. Z.

DEDICATED
TO
M. B. V. Z.

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THE BATTLE HYMN OF DEMOCRACY

WHAT hear we in the world today?
The thunder of the guns,
Their rumbling and grumbling, and the
pathway of the suns
Is echoing with wailings as the women find their
dead;
And there's shrieking of the shrapnel where the grass
is turning red.
But there's music! Don't you hear it?
'Tis a hymn the nations sing,
As their spirit calls to spirit,
And they crown the People king.

'Tis a Marseillaise so wonderful
That all the world's awake
To the story of the glory
That is won for freedom's sake.
Ah, the groaning and the moaning
And the price the dying pay!
The earth is rent with anguish,
But there is no other way!
But, lo, the light is coming and a mighty chorus
rings
That stirs our souls to gladness,
And to sadness those of kings.
They know who sit upon their thrones

The menace of the song;
They played at dice with human bones,
And all the world went wrong.
And ages after ages they mocked at God, and said
That nations were but toys for them, the living and
the dead.

But there's music! Don't you hear it?
Where the East and West have met,
And the people cry for justice,
And the monarchs pay their debt?
Where ocean calls to ocean
And where mountains haunt the sky,
The day has come when truth shall live
And ancient error die.

'Tis a Marseillaise so marvelous
The Earth is singing now—
As the peoples find their power and fulfill a sacred
vow—

That the stars that dance along the sky
Its rhythm seem to feel
And the universe is throbbing
With a glad, triumphant peal.

Ye dead who paid the price for us,
Your names shall never die;
But kings shall be forgotten
In the splendid by and by;
And from a world's democracy,
That's born of blood and woe,
A harvest shall be garnered
From the seed its heroes sow.

What hear we in the world today?
A pæan wild and sweet,
The People's song of victory;
And where the nations meet
Not king shall call to brother king,
But race shall speak to race;
And man, no longer slave to man,
Can look God in the face!

FRANCE

1.

WHAT meaneth France to you?
In those old days, before the Horror came,
Before there broke upon our startled view
The awful depths that measure human
shame,
Before Man blushed for what a Hun will do
France stood for joy—was worthy of the name.
France taught us art, and beauty was her god;
And wit she gave us, sparkling as her wine,
And o'er her land, where centuries had trod,
There hung the glamour of a light divine
That lured our feet to that seductive sod
Whose ancient glories could be yours or mine.
France gave us then the best she had to give—
We turned to her to teach us how to live.

2.

What meaneth France today?
Red years have passed, and she has shown a soul
That shines for Man upon his groping way
To some far-distant and resplendent goal—
Where truth shall reign and lies cannot betray.
And as the ages o'er the ages roll,

To France shall turn the tribute that they give
Who love what's highest in the hearts of men;
And to a land where dauntless freemen live
Shall come new glory in the glad days when
The gold from dross has filtered through a sieve,
And peace and pleasures shall be ours again.
For this of France shall men say bye-and-bye:
"She taught us how to live—and how to die!"

THE KAISER'S PRAYER

I.

GOD of my fathers, grant me aid
That I may rout my countless foes!
By Thee were guns and cannons made,
From Thee the joy of battle flows.

II.

O God, who gave me might and power,
Thou knowest that my heart is pure;
Be with me in this awful hour,
That I and mine may still endure.

III.

Thou art the God who loveth war,
And famine, rapine, blood and death;
I pray Thee stand beside me, for
Thou knowest what my spirit saith.

IV.

The soul of me is linked with Thine
To bid the blood of heroes flow;
The death we give them is divine,
And in Thy name I bid them go.

V.

God of my fathers, still be kind
To them who raise Thy banner high,
Whilst Thou and I together find
The surest way for them to die.

VI.

They do my bidding—God, look down
And bless the sword that I have drawn!
My blight shall fall on field and town
And thousands shall not see the dawn.

VII.

To Thee, O Lord, I give all praise
That Thou hast made my hand so strong;
That now, as in my father's days,
The King and God can do no wrong!

PEACE?

PEACE? There is no sweeter word man ever
spake!

It brings us dreams and visions of a time
When love shall rule, and all the world shall make
Submission to a sovereign sublime;
Shall worship God, the father and the king,
Who teacheth us the spirit of this word
That Christ proclaimed, and still the angels sing,
The whispered hope that warring ages heard.

But, hark, today it falls from traitor lips!
The dream it brings is born to blind our eyes;
'Tis as the flag that's flaunted by the ships
Where black should wave, or else the pirate lies.
Yes, peace we crave, but, in Jehovah's name,
'Tis not for us who would be true to God;
'Tis as the kiss that made Iscariot's shame—
The coward's kiss that weaklings give the rod.

THE WARNING OF A WRAITH

IT was Napoleon! I dreamed a dream, and saw
the Corsican.

His face cut like a cameo, this short, plump,
swarthy man

Displayed a gleam of humor sardonic in his eyes,
And the mouth of him seemed hardened by epigrams
and lies.

And seated there before me in my library, he said:
"The battlefields of Europe, sown with millions of
the dead,

Recall to me the splendor and the savagery of years
When men were mine to slaughter and women made
for tears;

When I promised to the conquered what I never
planned to give—

My dynasty is in the dust but still my methods live!

"I butchered for myself alone, but swore I fought
for France;

I prated of her happiness, but staked it on a chance;
I drained her of her valiant youth in Glory's name,
and when

They vanished in the wake of war, France gave, and
gave again.

I coveted the gorgeous East and led my legions far;
They died beneath the Pyramids believing in my
star.

Spain, Holland, Prussia, Italy and Austria were
mine;

It was not strange victorious I held myself divine,
Held, if there were a God on high—and doubter
was I then—

He'd chosen me of all the race to rule His world
of men.

“And now another strives to do what I could not
achieve.

He tells his people all is his—and, lo, the fools
believe!

He hateth England, as did I, because she rules the
sea—

His island's waiting, somewhere, as it waited once
for me.

“I had my Wagram and my Austerlitz, my Jena,
it is true,

And dreamed not in those frenzied days of fatal
Waterloo;

And I was greater—Bonaparte—upstart and lowly
born

Than he, the Hohenzollern, whose scions were my
scorn.

“Tell them who war for liberty against the Kaiser's
might

That I—one time Napoleon—who walks again at
night,

Revisiting, a spectre, the glimpses of the moon,
Know well no man can own all men—and he must
know it soon!”

A SOLDIER'S SON

I.

GOOD-NIGHT! Good-night! Don't cry,
my boy, for you are a soldier's son;
Tomorrow you'll play with your waving
flags, your sword and your little gun;
You'll go to school and you'll sing the songs the
boys of our country sing—
What's that you say? You are sad tonight and
lonely and—everything?

II.

You'd like to speak to your daddy! I know—but
you mustn't cry;
For daddy is over the sea, my boy. He'll come to
us bye-and-bye;
And he'll ask me, dear, when he's here again, with
the medal that he has won,
If every night, when you went to sleep, you smiled
like a soldier's son.

III.

If every night, when you said your prayer, you spoke
like a little man
Who tries to do, while his daddy's gone, the bravest
and best he can.

Good-night, my dear, you're a soldier's son. Now,
kiss me and go to sleep;
For you and mother are soldiers, too—and soldiers,
my boy, don't weep!

WE PAY THE PRICE—WE OLD!

I.

YOUTH pays the price, you say? But I am
old,
My hair is white, the blood in me is cold;
But is the agony that comes to me
Less keen than his who dies beyond the sea?

II.

Nay, he has fought and fallen for the right,
His soul has known the ecstasy of fight;
He dies but once but daily do I die
Who strike no blow, must let the ships go by.

III.

My heart's not here, but somewhere there in France,
Where life and death hang ever on a chance,
Where heroes find their glory and their grave—
The brave sleep well who sleep beside the brave.

IV.

We pay the price, we old, who cannot fare
Far, far afield with our crusaders there;
Nor know the frenzy and the joy of strife,
Nor win the death that most ennobles life.

THE ARMORY STEPS.

I SAW them by the guarded gate
Of noisy muster hall;
They'd planned their lives, but here was
Fate
That had no heart at all.

His face was pale, her eyes were dry;
And, hand in hand, they seemed
Like spirits waking, asking why
Their hearts no longer dreamed

Of castles in the sun-kissed air,
Where they should live and know
The joys of life that blossom where
The flowers of love shall grow.

I saw the ages pass along,
And ever on my sight
A maiden sad, a soldier strong
Asked questions of the night.

Through all the blood-red years on years
Since war and love began,
Youth gazed at youth, and there were tears—
And man was killing man.

Last night I saw the boy and maid
That Greece and Egypt knew;
She high in heart, he unafraid;
To love and country true.

And ever while the world shall be
They'll kiss and say good-bye;
The maid to tell her hero he
Must save his flag—or die.

THE SLACKER INEXPLICABLE

'T IS strange, indeed! He's of our oldest blood;
His fathers fought when foes were at the
flood

At Bunker Hill and Lundy's Lane and when
The blue-coats faced Lee's staunch, mistaken men.

He's of our best, and yet his voice we hear
Not, as we'd wish, in accents strong and clear,
But tuned to please the alien ears that crave
Denunciation of our leal and brave.

How can he sleep, from fear that dreams may come,
And he should hear an old time fife and drum,
And see the spectres of his fathers pass,
The blood he boasts run red upon the grass?

How can he look his brothers in the face
Who sail the seas, full worthy of their race—
This feeble soul who prates of peace, and jeers
At truths divine men die for through the years?

HEARTS OF OAK

ENGLAND

I.

WHO said the heart of England was not the heart of old?
Who told us that it beat today for only games and gold;
That petty men who buy and sell, and only bargains make,
Had slain the soul that gave its strength to Wellington and Drake?

II.

Who mourned for Britain's glory as a splendor that has passed?
Who wailed that England's mighty arm was weakening at last;
That her dream of glory faded just when Freedom called for men,
That the hand that smote the Corsican could never smite again?

III.

Who said the heart of England was not the heart of old,

That the prowess of her heroes is a tale that has been
told?
Who sighed for vanished valor and a might that is
no more,
Who told the world Britannia was dying at the
core?

IV.

O, ye who sang thy sullen songs, or spake sharp
words of blame,
The heroes of the Marne and Aisne are bringing ye
to shame;
For the oaken heart of England beats as strong and
high today
As when it won at Waterloo—and made a tyrant
pay.

NEW ENGLAND

I.

WHO said New England's valor was a bauble
she has sold,
That she'd lost the soul that made her great
in epic days of old;
That her sturdy sons deserted her to hasten to the
quest
Of the gold that comes to seekers in that wonder-
land, the West?

II.

Who said that where their scions fought to make a
nation free,

Who shed their blood to found a flag from Cham-
plain to the sea,
There dwelt a race degenerate, forgetful of the
fame
That had given world-wide glory to the meaning
of her name?

III.

Who said New England's lonely farms were symbols
of a soul
That had lost the light of liberty and sought a lesser
goal,
That a people great at Lexington, and dear to
Lincoln's heart,
Had grown too weak and worldly to act the hero's
part?

IV.

Your sons have given them the lie who doubted
that you'd rise
To fight and die for Freedom beneath the Flemish
skies;
And, lo, the world is ringing with what you do and
dare,
And on New England's valiant heart France pins
the Croix de Guerre!

THE KAISER WEPT

THE Kaiser wept. Through hot salt tears he
gazed

On ruined lands, where war's red hand had
blazed

A graveyard for the splendor of the spring,
Where fields are black and birds no longer sing.

On towns and hamlets there has come a blight
Where there in France it seems forever night,
Where sunbeams shudder and turn shadows when
They seek in vain the homes of happy men.

For there in France, where Comfort and Content
Went hand in hand, and were with Beauty blent,
There stalks Despair, and where her children smiled
Are mounds of dead and homes that were defiled.

The Kaiser smiled, and thanked his tribal god
No blight like this had come to German sod;
Then turned away and laid him down and slept—
His god must wonder why the Kaiser wept!

OUR HONOR ROLL

I.

THEY'RE growing longer, as the days go by,
These lists of ours of those who fight and die;
Our honor roll I read, mine eyes grown dim;
Ah, must it come, this glorious crown, to him?

II.

To him who left me with his earnest face
Unsmiling, firm; and in his strength and grace
Strode seaward with his fellows through the snow,
And left me lonely in my pride and woe?

III.

"Well, good-bye, Dad!" His manly voice I hear,
And know his soul is innocent of fear;
And in my ears his parting words shall be
Forever sweetest of all sounds to me.

IV.

But day by day my tearful eyes shall scan
The scroll of them who perish man by man,
Who fall to sleep just when they've won their
fame—
Shall scan the scroll in terror of a name.

THE AMERICAN LEGION

THY glory, France, the splendor of thy soul,
Are dear to us who owe to thee a debt;
For from the past the memories unroll
Of stricken fields and of the foe we met.

The tie is close that binds thee to our past
Whose fathers staked their fortune on a chance;
Who faced defeat what time the die was cast,
Their only hope the sturdy arm of France.

Thy strivings and thy victories are ours,
Thy heroes and our heroes are the same;
And where our dead are sleeping fall the flowers
That Frenchmen cull in honor of their fame.

We've given thee the little that we could,
It was not in our manhood to forget;
Beside thee on the battle line they've stood
Who've paid thee with their lives for Lafayette.

THE KAISER'S VOW

“**I**N the name of God, we will sign a peace!”
Quoth he of a royal strain.

“I’m weary of blood, and the war must cease;
And I’ll not wage war again.

“I’m a king of kings, and my word I give,
My word that I never break,
That I’ll slay no more, and ye all shall live
In the safety I make.

“Ye have nought to do but submit to me,
I’m tired of tears and groans;
I merely bid ye to bend the knee
To us who were given thrones.

“Is it much to ask of an earth that’s red
With the blood of the young and strong?
Forget the past and forget the dead,
Nor whisper of who was wrong.

“Beware, oh ye who would force the fight
Until millions more have died.
I show ye a hand that’s clean and white——
Are ye not satisfied?

“A hand extended to all the race,
That ye may stoop and kiss;

While Man looks up into my face
And sees how kind it is.

“Ye have heard my vow. If ye do not heed
The olive-branch in my hand,
My sword shall flash and the nations bleed
Who will not understand.

“Do I dream a dream? Will ye not obey
My mandate that war shall cease?
Then, by my God, ye shall see me slay
Thy God—The Prince of Peace!”

SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

I.

SOMEWHERE in France due west of roving hell,
Where Death makes merry with his shot and shell,
My boy tonight remembers me, perchance,
And knows my soul is somewhere there in France.

II.

Somewhere in France the lips that I have kissed
I see grown grim, and dimly through a mist
His face seems pale, but there is in his glance
A wondrous light he's found somewhere in France.

III.

Somewhere in France my mother's heart shall be
Until the day he cometh back to me;
Or it may be—with God must rest the chance—
My heart shall break, I know not where in France.

KULTUR'S CHRISTMAS TREE

THE most gigantic Christmas pine the world
had ever seen
Soared skyward in the starlight like a peak
of evergreen ;
It seemed as if a forest had united just to be
One night, in monstrous magnitude, a grim, symbolic
tree.
And there against the heavens in its majesty it rose,
And like a fearsome phantom waved its shadow on
the snows.
Bedecked were all its branches, but not as heretofore ;
The trunkless heads of men were there, and loose
limbs red with gore.
Where candles should be burning was the glare of
sightless eyes ;
And the wind that stirred the branches sounded like
a million sighs.
Toys? You ask me were they hanging where we
know they used to be.
Playthings? Yes. There gleamed torpedoes that
can kill beneath the sea.
There were bombs that give a greeting and a fare-
well all in one ;
There were hands that had a finger, and each finger
clutched a gun.
Oh, it was a merry Christmas tree, so black and
broad and high,

And jolly with the weapons soldiers leave us when
they die.
The drifts beneath the soaring pine grew scarlet,
and the night
Was starless now and blacker, and the snow birds
took to flight;
The skulls grew gray and ghastly on the branches
where they lay;
And then the east turned red as blood—'twas
Kultur's Christmas Day!

HAIL, AND FAREWELL!

I.

HAIL and farewell, crusaders, knights of a
warring faith!

Ye march to the far-flung battle. Ye heed
what the master saith:

“Not peace, but a sword I bring ye—a sword that
ye wield for me.

In the name of the God, my Father, 'tis Cæsar must
bend the knee.”

II.

Not peace, but the might of legions that fight for
the love of peace;

'Tis war, but it's waged by heroes who perish that
war may cease.

The banners that pass before us are symbols of love
and light—

They herald the dawn of a day that breaks at the
end of Man's darkest night.

III.

Hail and farewell, crusaders, sons of our blood and
soul!

Not tears but our plaudits greet ye as ye march to a
splendid goal.

Ye have given thine all for a future that springs from
the sacrificed—

God strengthen thine hands, chivalrous, who brand-
ish the sword of Christ!

THE LITTLE METAL DISK

HE'S going with the regulars, a strapping
boy I know,

To the border from Fort Slocum, where
they taught him how to drill,

How to sight a service rifle and to strike a bayonet
blow,

And to do all things he ought to do when called
upon to kill.

He looks well in his uniform, and, oh, his eyes are
bright,

He's fit and hard and healthy, and he goes to bed
at nine;

If it comes to blows and bullets on the border he
will fight

With the ecstasy of him who drinks too deep of
heady wine.

They've given him a soldier's kit and everything he
needs,

There's not a button lacking and his khaki is
unsoiled;

On guns and ammunition are the pamphlets that he
reads,

The nation may depend on him if we should be
embroiled.

But there's one thing on his person which brings
tears into my eyes,

Though in the future it may help to make a hero's
fame;

He must not fall unknown at last, so on his breast
there lies

A little metal disk that bears my gallant soldier's
name.

THE BELGIANS

BOTH Cæsar and Napoleon your bravery extolled—

They knew the peoples craven and they knew the peoples bold—

And they who weighed the might of men in nicely balanced scales

Paid homage to the Belgians. But now the glory pales

Your scions gained in Cæsar's time, or when an ogre ran

Red-handed over Europe whom they called the Corsican,

Beside the splendor of the fame the men of Liège have won

Who held the Vandal hordes in check and perished every one,

And dying gave a warning cry, a saving hour, a chance

That, through their death, meant dawning hope to England and to France.

A LITTLE BOY OF RHEIMS

I.

I MET in Rheims a tiny boy, a helmet on his head,
A lonely sprite that wandered through a city of
the dead;
With school-books underneath his arms, he whistled
as he ran,
He was three feet in height, perhaps, but every
inch a man.

II.

The grumbling of the German guns grew louder
and then died,
The little chap smiled up at me and trotted by my
side;
Beneath the gaunt cathedral, shell-pitted and de-
filed,
The chatter of the cheerful lad my saddened soul
beguiled.

III.

The helmet on his head, he said, might save him
from the worst—
A shell had killed his sister and his brother when
it burst—

But he always felt like whistling when school was
out and he
Might chance upon a stranger as he'd taken up with
me.

IV.

In Rheims there are no little ones who go to school
today;
My jolly tot, so blithe and brave, has gone the
lonely way;
He smiled at me and said good-bye, and he would
see me—when?
I'd have to take the long, long trail to find that
boy again.

THE TALE OF AN ACE

'T WAS on the Place de l'Opéra, in front of
a café,

I sat in converse with an ace, and tried to
make him say

A thing or two about the war as waged in aero-
planes

Around the cradle of the winds, the nursery of
rains;

To have him tell me how it felt to chase an Al-
batross

Five miles or more above the earth where waves of
cloud-stuff toss.

My ace, whose face was as a boy's descended from
a hawk,

Was like all birdmen who've achieved—he didn't
wish to talk.

But when he'd puffed a cigarette and sipped a bit
of wine

His tongue was loosened for the nonce, and so I
made him mine.

And this is what he told me ,as the crowd went
surging by,

The women clad in mourning for the men who do
and die,

The poilus and the officers, the Anzacs and the
Yanks,

The tired from the trenches and the wounded from
the tanks.

“I’ve made my kill full many a time up there twixt
us and God,
Where I seem much nearer Heaven than to the
bloody sod
That flies so far beneath me, like the graveyard of
a race
That holds somewhere a yawning hole to lure an-
other ace.

“And tale on tale I could unfold of duels in the air,
When to your lips there comes an oath that’s more
than half a prayer;
When the Boche, who grows chivalrous, forgets he
is a Hun
There far above the scarlet earth and nearer to the
sun;
And fights you like a gentleman, and dies without a
stain
Upon an airman’s honor in a tumbling, blazing
'plane.

“But this is what I wish to tell—
I know you’ll think I lie—
I saw, one day, the spirit world from up there in
the sky;
Between me and the earth below from where, a
bird, I flew,
A million shadows of the dead broke on my startled
view;

And to my frightened eyes there came a sight no
man had seen,
The clouds flew high above the fields with spectres
in between.
As if the countless graves that lay new-made on
Europe's breast
Had wearied of the sleepers who were dreaming of
the West
Now opened and released the dead that they might
take to flight,
I saw those white battalions pass in armies out of
sight.
"How long I gazed upon the wraiths of youth that
war had slain,
How long the spectral hosts held sway above the
lost terrain,
How long I mounted skyward, with my engine run-
ning mad,
I know not; but the vision passed—think you that
I was glad?
"You'll say 'twas sudden madness, that I'd killed
too many Huns;
That the shock of shells was on me or the panic born
of guns,
That the loneliness that birdmen know had terror-
ized me when
I gazed down on a phantom host that were and
were not men,
But what you think I do not care. You see, I'm
flying yet.
Yes, thanks, I'll drink a drop of wine—smoke one
more cigarette."

ATONEMENT

IT is not chaos, this wild, whirling war
That plunges nations into seas of blood;
The crimson maelstrom is man's penance for
An evil fruit he nourished in the bud.

He knelt to kings, and kissed the royal hands
That clutched the riches his grim toil had won
From wandering waters and from far flung lands;
For kings he sailed the seas that seek the sun.

"God makes the monarch and the slaves he owns,"
The abject murmured as the ages fled;
"They do His will who sit upon His thrones;
Who dies for king is of the honored dead."

Thus came a war a king of kings decreed,
And millions perished for an ancient lie;
But through red strife is man's strange spirit freed,
And chains are loosed because our saviors die.

THE WORD OF GOD

I.

WHAT flows within the veins of you that you
would kiss the rod?

Are you too deaf to hear today the thrilling
word of God?

Are you too blind to see the hell that comes to them
that rue

The galling yoke of Vandals who are forging chains
for you?

II.

What beats within the heart of you who patter
prayers for peace,

When what our foe most craves from us is that our
fighting cease?

God knows, whatever you may seem, you are not
really men

Who falter, when their red hands slay to make man
slave again.

III.

They'd take from you all things you love! God
asks of you to give

A little of your strength and wealth that Liberty
may live.

What flows within the veins of you that you would
kiss the rod,

Unheeding of the warning word that is the word
of God?

WHENCE COMETH WAR?

STRANGE epidemics have swept o'er the earth
In ages past and taken toll of men,
And human life to God seemed little worth
As thousands perished—and ten thousands then.

Scourge after scourge has come upon the race,
And run its course from land to sea and land;
Its source mysterious no mind could trace,
The dying passed and could not understand.

What sin was man's that he should be thus cursed?
Why fell the innocent beneath a cruel rod?
Death stalked abroad and did to man his worst,
And nations murmured 'twas the will of God.

But what of this blood madness now that runs
From race to race as former scourges ran?
The dying gaze upon night's million suns,
And know that war comes not from God but man.

TOY SOLDIERS

“GOOD-BYE, my boy!” I said to him, for
he went down South today.

When he was a kid with soldier toys I
used to watch him play.

He wore a cap of martial cut and carried a sword
and drum,

“Just watch me, dad,” he would cry to me. “At-
tention! The foe has come!”

The little tin soldiers he mustered there would
tumble down one by one;

And then whole gaps in the ranks he'd make and
the battle had begun;

He'd wink at me and nod his head and sound the
charge again;

And he'd pay the price of his blunderings with a
regiment of men.

He'd bring his cavalry into line and place his can-
non there,

And form his infantry battle front or into a hollow
square;

He'd laugh and chatter and move his men and
slaughter the foe in glee;

And when the victory had been won he'd come and
shake hands with me.

And now he's gone to the border. His daddy is all
alone,
And it seems to me my love for him is the only
wealth I own;
I saw him off with his troopers, and they are such
splendid boys—
It can't be God will do to them what children do
to toys!

SPRING'S JUDAS KISS

I.

LONG, long ago it seems since, when spring
came,
Our love of life was kindled to a flame,
And with the earth, that stirred and throbbed anew,
Our souls rejoiced for every bud that grew.

II.

When Nature seemed a kindly friend to man,
And through our veins a vaulting nectar ran
That thrilled our hearts because God's world was
fair,
And flowers were here and love was everywhere.

III.

Ah, that was when we knew no dreams of seas
Where white hands wave, and where the vernal
breeze
Its salt kiss gives to faces wet and wan
That not again our eyes shall look upon.

IV.

Long, long ago—before the cannon sowed
Their seeds of death, and o'er the earth there flowed

A flood of crimson, we could laugh and sing;
And bless the sun for bringing us the Spring.

V.

Not so, not so is it with us today!
The winter's winds held back the hands that slay;
And snowy curtains, falling o'er the plain,
Silenced the guns that now shall speak again!

VI.

The sap is stirring in the trees, and, lo,
Come hope and joy to lesser things that grow;
And man alone must shudder at the Spring.
Sang once his heart—but now the bullets sing!

A MYSTERY

I.

TELL me, when shall I forget
That dying boy? A bayonet
Had pierced his breast. You see the Hun
Grows often careless with his gun.

II.

In Chauny, desolate and sad,
I looked upon the little lad
Who'd dared to smile when Vandals passed,
I looked and saw him breathe his last.

III.

Sometimes I can't believe they're true
The deeds I know the Germans do.
How can they murder little boys
Who gave the world its Christmas toys?

FAILURE!

THEY builded them a cannon that could carry
shells afar

Over countless realms of ether, till they struck
the furthest star;

And their monster gun they mounted on the highest
vaulting peak,

While the subject peoples waited to hear the weapon
speak.

Came thunder to the ends of earth and millions fell
and died.

The soaring temples raised by man sank shattered
side by side.

And lo! the shell that hate had wrought and devil-
try had blown

Sped onward through infinity—but could not reach
God's throne!

THROUGH WAR THE TRUTH

WHAT miracles this war has wrought! An
age of unbelief
Has found its ancient faith again; and, torn
and worn with grief,
A race that bowed to idols that were made of painted
clay
Now hears God speaking in the storm that carried
peace away.
The lies that fell from laughing lips who dares to
voice again?
The coward cannot cloak his shame nor raise his
head with men;
And Dives is no longer rich, for all the gold of
earth
Makes not a whit of difference in what a man is
worth.
The screen that hid the hypocrite is trampled in the
dust,
A nation in its peril knows the man that it can
trust;
The agony the race endures will not admit of
masks;
To be yourself, and only that, is all the moment
asks.
The heart of you stands naked before the searching
eyes

Of a world that through its weeping has grown so
strangely wise

That the counterfeits, the brazen shams, the false-
hoods, every one,

Have fallen from the soul of man. The night of
lies is done!

TIM THE TOUGH

THIS is the tale of an East Side lad
Who was proud to be noted as bold and bad:
He was Tim the Tough, of the Gas House
Gang,

And his speech was coupled of oaths and slang.
One day he was drafted. He tried to shy,
And swore he was blind in a half-shut eye;
But they knew his kind and their bag of tricks,
The slacker who lies and the kid who kicks,
And Timothy Tuff, as he gave his name,
Was sent to Upton—he'd lost the game.

And time passed by and Timothy Tuff
Became a soldier, alert but rough;
And he who'd secretly toted a gun
Would flourish his rifle and menace the Hun.
And nobody knew, not even Tim,
When a change that was radical came to him.
Perhaps he listened when Roosevelt spoke
To the rookies there, and his soul awoke
To the splendid chance that had come to men
To fight and die for a flag again
Whose red stripes told of the blood they'd shed
Who'd followed our banner where Freedom led.

Or maybe to Timothy Tuff there came
A feeling of pride that was born of shame
As his corporal's chevrons he won at last
And he'd purged his soul of his lawless past.
Whatever the reason, the fact is plain
That Tim could never be tough again
As when, as boss of the Gas House Gang,
His fist shot out or his pistol rang.

He found himself, in the course of time,
In charge of a squad in a foreign clime,
Where his ears grew keen to the snarl of shells,
And he found there was more than one kind of hells.

And there one night, to his volunteers—
The old Gas Gang would have growled for beers—
He gave his orders without an oath,
With courtesy, clearness—he used them both:
Then over the top, at the hint of morn,
He led his men in a hope forlorn
That the Boche might think that behind his back
The line would welcome a mass attack,
That the trenches he left were not thinly held
By the few alive of the gassed and shelled.

They talk of Tim in a Gas House dive,
The few of the gang that is still alive
And out of prison and on the loose,
Who've dodged the draft and escaped the noose,
And they tell the story the papers told

Of their reckless leader of days of old;
And they hug their pride in his world-wide fame,
And the cross he won, and the honored name
Of Lieutenant Tuff, who'd been man enough
To prove his soul was of splendid stuff.
"And before Tim croaked," some voice will say,
Quoting the press in a crude, proud way,
"Dey soi he yelled, in a tone dat rang:
'I got five Fritziez—go tell de gang!'"

THE BLASPHEMOUS

THERE rose a nation in these latter days
Mised, misguided, but in might supreme,
The might that butchers and destroys and
slays;

And as they fought they dreamed an evil dream.
They were the chosen of a God they'd made,
Who blessed their crimes and gave the earth to
them.

"A sword, I bring not peace," was what He said.
They slaughtered babes who spake of Bethlehem!

II.

"I thank Thee, God," 'twas thus their Cæsar spake,
His head uncovered and his eyes upraised,
"That 'neath the sea my pious warriors make
The kind of havoc Thou hast ever praised.
My gift to them who win on land or sea—
A baby dead may be the foeman's loss—
Is sacred symbol of Thy Son and Thee;
Who work my will shall wear a Christian Cross!"

NEVER AGAIN!

NEVER again must the horrors of the nightmare years be known,

Never again the seeds of hate in the soul of a nation sown;

Never through ages yet to be must the tragedy be played

That desecrates the image of a god that God has made.

Ye who would stay the hand that strikes that tyranny may die,

Ye who are sad and sick at heart as years of war go by;

Ye who are counting the price they pay who pass in the battle flame

Be silent, ye, till the time shall come to plead in our Saviour's name.

Beware, beware of the sacrilege that even a prayer may hold,

The glass is dark through which we see His way with man unfold;

But out of the storm that tortures a world that is black with war

Comes light that shall show us, groping, what the sacrifice is for.

THE ONLY FREE

I.

OPEN thine eyes, O ye blind!
There are warnings from over the sea.
In the fate of the weak ye will find
A threat should bring caution to thee.

II.

What though our ways may be just,
And the heart of our nation be pure,
It is Might that could say to us "Must!"
The aim of its gunners is sure.

III.

Turn to the East or the West,
Ye who dream of the coming of peace;
See the strong from the impotent wrest
What only men dying release.

IV.

Plough-shares and pruning-hooks? Yes,
They are nobler than cannon or gun;
But only when freemen possess
The gifts that God sends from the sun.

V.

Rusted the tools in the grass
Where the reapers of Belgium lie ;
While they who were mightier pass,
And they who were innocent die.

VI.

Open thine eyes to the light,
O ye dreamers of dreams that betray ;
There is strength for the soul in the right,
But they who are unrighteous slay.

VII.

Hearken, ye blind, to the truth,
To the warnings from over the sea ;
For the strong and the ready, in sooth,
Alone of all peoples are free.

TWO CROSSES

THE IRON CROSS.

I AM the symbol of the cult of blood. Who wins
me must be true
To them who would enslave the race. To flaunt
me you must do
Some deed of savage deviltry; your reddened hands
must show
Your heart is of the iron of the caveman's long ago.
I rest upon the breast alone of him who fights and
slays
As brutes waged war upon the weak in those prime-
val days
When Man was half a jungle beast and fashioned
gods of mud
Who craved, his savage soul believed, the sacrifice
of blood.
The Iron Cross! The Iron Cross! It comes to
them who wage
A war for world dominion; and, lo, again the slave
Is torn from wife and children and scourged with
whips and slain—
With Iron Crosses on their breasts the Vandals roam
again!

THE RED CROSS

I'm sprung from mercy, from Man's love for man.

Who wears my cross must be

Both gentle and heroic too. And where, on land
or sea,

Death's shadow falls and sorrows come and pain too
great to bear

You'll learn the wonder of my work, thank God
that I am there.

I bind up wounds or bid farewell to lonely souls that
pass

Where War has stretched his victims on the tram-
pled, crimsoned grass;

You'll find me where the shrieking shells take toll
of youth and joy;

I fight with weapons forged of love to foil them
that destroy.

The Red Cross is the cross of God, the God of Love
who reigns

Eternal and omnipotent. Earth's tragedies and
pains

Are mysteries we can not solve, but while my ban-
ners wave

The splendor of the Soul of Man shall triumph o'er
the grave!

A SERVICE FLAG

I.

THERE'S a service flag a-waving from a window in my street,
With a blue star on the white of it; and every time I meet
The woman clad in widow's black who flies that flag in pride
I lift my hat in homage, as I linger by her side.

II.

Her only son she's given to the cause she knows is right,
And she's working with her fingers that her boy may go and fight;
She's old and gray and weary but she's brave, as others are
Who pledge their sons to Freedom 'neath the emblem of the star.

III.

There is grandeur in the sacrifice my widowed neighbor makes;
She has given all for country as her country's soul awakes;
The bunting in her window meaneth not that she would brag,

That blue star on the white of it but glorifies the
flag.

IV.

It glorifies the emblem and it glorifies a head
That is white from toil and sorrow and the shadow
of a dread;
But I know that somewhere drilling for the battle-
fields afar
There's a boy in khaki proud to know his mother
flaunts a star.

THE VOICE OF GOD

IT is only the soaring mountain peak that echoes
the voice of God,
But its whisper comes to the souls of men who
suffer, and kiss the rod ;
The rod that is red with the blood of slaves, the rod
the anointed wield
For them who have fashioned their flesh for it, who
grovel and groan and yield.

Not his alone is the crimson crime that makes Man's
future dark
Who bids ye fight
That his martial might
May quench God's kindled spark ;
But thine the blame,
And thine the shame,
That ye sharpen thy swords and sing,
As ye strive to make
The wide world shake
'Neath the tread of thy tawdry king.

The word that's wafted to human hearts from sky-
lines keyed to hear
Is meant for ye
Who bend the knee
To him whose friend is Fear ;

To him who calls the earth his own,
All men as ye his prey;
Who clutches crown and clings to throne
Because his soldiers slay.

But the voice of God, a searching voice,
Shall reach the ears of ye
Who are striving now
To fulfill thy vow
To conquer the earth and sea.
The shame is his and the shame is thine,
As hunting ye make thy kill;
For thy king is deaf to the word divine,
And ye wantonly do his will.

Ye slay in the dark from an evil dream;
But cometh a gleam of light,
And ye'll hear a voice,
And ye'll make thy choice,
And choose in thy king's despite.
Thy hands are red and thy hearts are dead,
And ye're wearing a blood-stained cross;
As ye count the graves
Of thy fellow-slaves,
And ye shudder to learn thy loss.
Ye face the phantoms that come and go,
Where millions have bled and died;
And it may well be
In the gloom ye see
The Christ ye have crucified.

But a sun shall rise on thy sullen eyes,
That are dull from the deeds ye see,
And thy souls shall learn with a glad surprise
That God is calling to thee;
Not the god ye worshipped of flesh and bone,
A manikin made of clay,
But the God who shall hold all men His own
Forever as yesterday.

A TRANSPORT

I.

SOMEWHERE in the harbor—don't ask me
where or when—

I saw a steamer weirdly grim and on its decks
were men,
Clean-cut and trim and khaki-clad, and all of them
were gay,
As their ship crept seaward slowly in its painted
coat of gray.

II.

Somewhere on the ocean tonight the khaki-clad
I see in dreams that come and go, and, oh, my heart
is sad;
They've youth and hope and courage, and they feel
the soldier's pride;
But their ship comes homeward in my dreams—a
red cross on its side!

III.

Sometime in the future—how soon we cannot
know—
The spectral ships that pass in gray will cease to
come and go;
But through the ages yet to be the story will be told

Of how they dared the danger-zone with heroes
manifold.

IV.

Ever theirs the glory—why should we weep for
them?

Who sail as valiant soldiers of the Christ of Beth-
lehem,

Of Him who brought a sword to earth that all men
might be free—

For Christ shall conquer Cæsar through them that
sail the sea.

MADNESS DIVINE

I.

THEY'RE mad, our troops, the Vandals cry.
But not as Vandals are!
Their fever's not a fire from Hell who follow
Freedom's star;
Their frenzy's not a lust for blood, the caveman's
itch to kill;
They punish in the name of God, and sternly do
His will.

II.

Their wrath is the crusading hate that laid the
Paynim low,
The rage of Cromwell's Ironsides who prayed and
struck a blow;
The madness of the Minute Man who clutched a
clumsy gun
And knew he served the Lord of Hosts that day
at Lexington.

III.

They are insane as seamen were whose canvas
caught the breeze
What time the spiteful Yankee ships won freedom
for the seas,

Insane as were the hosts in blue that met the hosts
in gray
On fields whose epic glory is a nation's pride today.

IV.

As they went wild who stormed the heights of San
Juan's bloody hill,
Our madmen on the Marne and Aisne dash on and
make their kill;
Divine the rage God giveth them, the passion ruling
them,
Who slay the anti-Christ today for Him of Beth-
lehem.

GOD, HEARTEN US!

GOD, help us in this awful hour
To check our bitter tears, that we
Who pay the price may find the power
To bend clear-eyed and worship Thee!

That we may hear ourselves like men,
Though, day by day, the lists grow long
Of them we shall not see again;
God give us faith to keep us strong!

God, hearten us that we may be,
In these dread deeps of war and woe,
Courageous, calm; convinced that we
Shall find Thee where our heroes go.

God grant us smiles who long to weep!
God stir our saddened souls to song!
If we be brave, they'll sweeter sleep
Who died because Thy world went wrong.

HIS BLACK SHEEP

“THE black sheep! The black sheep!”
we called them in our scorn;
They'd come not to the pasture when
the Shepherd blew His horn.
They are not like His other sheep that gentle are
and tame—
The black sheep goes a-wandering to find an end
in shame.

But the war-wind blew its trumpet, and the black
sheep heard the call,
And, East and West and North and South, the mes-
sage came to all:
“The fire that drove you far afield your Shepherd
needs today,
Come to the pasture, black sheep, that were so long
astray!”

The black sheep, the black sheep, came running at
the word,
The only summons clear to them that they had ever
heard;
And, lo, the Shepherd's heart is glad, His sacred
trust He'll keep,
For the black sheep fighting now for Him are best
of all His sheep.

RISE UP! RISE UP, CRUSADERS!

NEVER in all the scarlet past
Since God first placed the suns,
Not when the Goths drank deep
of blood,
And women feared the Huns,
Not when the hordes of Attila
Made toys of flame and shame,
Came call so clear
For them to hear
Who'd fight in Freedom's name.

Rise up! Rise up, crusaders, to meet the hosts of
Hell!
They prate of Art and Science but they give us shot
and shell;
They call on God, blaspheming, as they plunge their
hands in gore;
They've butchered millions, millions, and they'd
butcher millions more.

What hold they dear who dare the race
To meet the might they wield?
The smile upon a baby's face?
The maid who would not yield?
The faith that men and nations keep
When sacred vows are made?

Why, then, should Europe's women weep?
Why preach we our crusade?

Rise up! Rise up, ye stalwart, to save a world from
woe!

The Hun is growing boastful. We must give him
blow for blow.

Where Goths and Vandals wake again
From sleep that's ages long

There's madness in the souls of men,
And murder in their song.

They are not men as men are known
To human hearts alone;

Their music is a woman's wail,
Or dying hero's groan.

They crave a world's dominion,

And they come, a wanton flood,

To drown the hopes that God gives man
In seas of human blood.

Rise up! Rise up, crusaders!

Send forth a clarion cry!

The race shall not be slaves to Huns

Though you and I must die.

A world at war?

A billion men who arm and fight and slay?

What are our blaring bugles for?

Is Man insane today?

Not we to whom the call has come,

Not we, the unafraid,

Now arming, God be with us, for the last, the great
Crusade;

Nor they who fight our fight with us,

Across the surging sea,

Where men are facing madmen

That all peoples may be free.

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

I.

YE emperors and princelings, ye kings and sons
of kings,

The writing on the wall reveals what Free-
dom's future brings.

No more shall royal cradles rock the rulers of the
earth;

Who leadeth men shall be their choice because they
know his worth.

II.

The sanction ye have claimed from God was sacri-
lege and sin.

Ye've filched from abject peoples to wrap thy terrors
in

Their right to life and liberty; and from thy blood-
stained thrones

Ye've whitened fields that should be green with
blight of human bones.

III.

Ye autocrats and despots, the thunders that ye hear
Come from the mouths of millions who have for-
gotten fear;

Who shout thy battle-cries no more but menace thee
and thine—

They've read the writing on the wall and know it
is divine!

ALAS, 'T WAS NOT A DREAM!

I DREAMED a dream. Reclining on a cloud
I watched the earth beneath me as it turned ;
And to my ears came thunderings, long and
loud.

I saw the glare where splendid cities burned.

II.

I heard great moanings and shrill, anguished cries ;
A million dead on fields of mud or snow
Lay motionless and eerie, and their eyes
Gazed upward lifeless from that tomb below.

III.

In valleys and on mountains throngs there seemed
Of women and of children, silent, sad ;
And armies passed and I, who saw and dreamed,
Looked down upon a world that had gone mad.

IV.

The spring had touched it with its loving hand,
And buds and flowers and velvet grass were there ;
But there beneath me on the sea and land
Man wrought for man more grief than he could
bear.

V.

'Twas but a dream. My brothers cannot be
The brutes my vision pictured them, I know.
The strife I saw in that grim fantasy
Was some mad memory of the long ago.

VI.

'Tis true of sleep the pictures that it paints
May be a heritage from distant years;
A cave man's thought perhaps our dreaming taints,
Our nightmares spring from our primeval fears.

VII.

And so I know the earth is free today
From those black horrors that I saw in sleep;
Man's grown too noble to destroy and slay,
And children laugh and women do not weep.

VIII.

A joyous world! Let me not dream again
Of ruined cities and of fields of dead;
My sleep betrayed me, for I know that men
Have slain the beast, are not by passion led.

IX.

I know there is no nation 'neath the sun
Would dominate all peoples, make them slaves;
The night deceived me and today the Hun
Is wondrous kind and benefits and saves.

X.

He'd slay our souls? You see him red with blood?
Nay! Nay! You're dreaming, as I dreamed anon.
You say he slaughters and a crimson flood
Is what, awake, I really look upon?

XI.

Then, if it's true, and cave-men, come again,
As heartless once, but erudite and skilled,
Wage wanton war as in the old days, when
They followed Atilla and burnt and killed,

XII.

Ah, let me hurry to the battle-line;
No dreamer now, but with defiant eyes
Facing the foe, and for a cause divine
Strike blow for blow before Man's freedom dies!

BROADWAY

ARE we dreaming 'neath the glitter of the
garish lights that throw
Their glowing gleam on Broadway where
the youthful come and go ;
Where the laughter and the chatter and the echo of
a song
Were music to the heart of me before the world
went wrong?
The faces that we used to see with starbeams in
their eyes
Are heavy now and mournful, and we catch a hint
of sighs ;
And tears are not so far away from lids that droop
tonight
As they fall beneath the glance of him who's ready
for the fight.
There's khaki just in front of us and sailor blue
behind,
And Broadway is a crazy quilt of heroes who have
dined
On dishes that were dainty from the touches that
were French—
What is it they will get to eat when they are in a
trench?
And tears are in the eyes of us. We see them
through a mist,

The boy who goes to face the foe, the girl that he
has kissed ;
We'll find them there on Broadway if you stroll up
there with me ;
The maiden doomed to weep alone, the lad to sail
the sea.

The heart of Broadway's broken, there is sorrow in
the air,
Where youth was wont to wander in a world with-
out a care.
The khaki-clad may smile and smile as if their hearts
were light,
But in our dream we see them prone, and oh, their
lips are white!

Nay, come not up to Broadway unless your heart is
stone ;
There's merriment in crowds, perhaps but soldiers
die alone.
To say good-bye in whispers, and to touch her hand
and lips
May fill his soul with rapture—but they're calling
from the ships!

They're calling him from Broadway, from the maid-
en at his side ;
Their prows are turned toward bleeding France ;
they're sailing with the tide.
Nay, stroll not there with me at eve unless your eyes
are blind
To her my hero leaves tonight—to what he goes
to find.

BE SILENT NOW!

STAND voiceless, ye, and wait! The die is
cast,

Ye cannot change our fate who prattle now
of what can never be.

The present, with its clarion cry, is ours; the past
A sunken bell beneath a silent sea.

Look forward and forget the deeds that were not
done,

The words that meant so little in the end;
The cry is "Onward!" with our task begun
To keep the faith that freemen must defend.

THE CHIMES

I.

WHAT is the message they're bringing to
thee,
The chimes that ring from the old church
tower?
Why does the universe seem to be
Sweet to our souls as they strike the hour?

II.

For sin and sorrow are still of earth,
And Heaven is fully as far away;
But the steeple's music makes better worth
The struggle and strife that are ours today.

III.

What is it telling us, spreading far
In rhythmic ripples of resonant song?
An old, sweet tale of a wond'rous star,
And Him whom the world had awaited long.

IV.

The earth-sounds mingle and rise and fall,
There are women weeping and babes that cry,
And godless men, but, above them all,
The chimes are singing: "Ye shall not die."

V.

“Ye shall not die, for thy souls are mine;
Give heed to the message my music brings.”
The seed of the Truth that is God’s is thine;
New hope to the world when the steeple sings.

EDITH CAVELL

I.

NOT love of my dear country's cause
Can fill the loyal soul of me,
But on the brink of death I pause
That hate may take no toll of me.

II.

They slay me, but my word shall rise,
Forgiving them that say of me
The slanders that are spawn of lies.
Ye kill me, but I pray for thee.

III.

I pray for thee who do me wrong,
For love of God is all of me ;
And from my grave in poet's song
The truth I spake shall call to thee.

IV.

Shall call to thee who slay in lust
Of power that can not come to thee ;
Who dream a dream whose madness must
Make God's voice ever dumb to thee.

V.

The creed I hold, the deed ye do,
Are not made one—can never be.
The hope I have, the God I knew,
Are true to me—shall ever be.

UNDER WHICH FLAG?

I.

UNDER which flag? You can not serve them
both.

A vow you took. Is not an oath an oath?
A bit of bunting? Is it but a rag
That sometimes is and then is not your flag?

II.

Sometime, perhaps, when Peace has come to earth,
One banner for all men shall have its birth;
When War shall be a horror that has passed
Earth's Federal flag may glorify a mast.

III.

But dreams are dreams. The Parliament of Man
Is still today, as since the world began,
A flight of fancy in a world of fact.
You must set limits when you make a pact.

IV.

To swear allegiance is a solemn thing.
Who's for Democracy is not for King.
Who makes a choice between the two must be
For one or other firm in loyalty.

V.

The love of country where you had your birth
Remains a passion that proclaims your worth.
But Freedom called you, and you grasped her hand
Beneath the flag of your new Fatherland.

VI.

A people free? A people ruled by one?
To be the first you trailed the setting sun.
To you warm welcome was the gift we gave
Above whose heads the starry banners wave.

VII.

Be not deceived! Your ill-timed plaint's unjust.
One flag, one country and one God our trust!
Be true, be loyal to the land that now
Demands of you fulfillment of your vow.

TOLSTOY'S DREAM

I.

I HAD a vision of a woman beautiful and nude,
Her hair bedecked with jewels and her arms
and neck with gold;
Her eyes were soft, seductive and her smile was sly
and lewd,
There was witchery for nations in the ecstasy she
sold.

II.

She spake and victims followed to the fate she led
them to,
'Twas in the name of Commerce that she plied her
evil trade;
And ever in a wanton world her power and peril
grew;
For her the lords of treachery their tissue treaties
made.

III.

She held three torches in her hand to lure the souls
of men:
Hypocrisy and Bigotry gave one its fatal flame,
The second from Tradition glowed with lies that
live again,
To cheat the generations as they're sinking to their
shame.

IV.

The third, whose fire was fed from flesh that's found
on battlefields
Burned brighter as the courtesan made beacon of it
there.
To the torch of War the splendor of the other
torches yields,
For its glory's of the frenzy of the maddened men
who dare.

V.

I saw a world aflame with strife because this harlot
smiled;
I saw great cities burning and the country-side de-
spoiled,
I gazed upon the stricken fields with dead and dying
piled,
With the harvests of the summertime with bloody
torrents soiled.

VI.

For years on years o'er all the world man warred
with fellow-man,
And thrones were tossed and kings were killed—
and then my hope came true,
From East to West, across all seas, the word of
promise ran;
Man's fellowship grew mighty to destroy the curse
he knew.

VII.

And I saw a wanton woman, with her torches black
and prone,
Lying dead within the darkness of the shadows of
the night,
And beyond her on the gory soil a sceptre and a
throne
Lay shattered, in the glow of dawn that glorified
my sight.

